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The People.



The People.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1899.

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TRAGIC PAGES.

CHAPTER 5.

This is the story of the 10th Annual Convention of the United Mine Workers' Union, held in Pittsburgh last week. It is a story clamped with crime, and super-riveted with corruption, as might be expected from a "pure and simple" arrangement like it, that was conceived in the womb of ignorance, nurtured by fraud, and delivered by midwives, slimy with sins of treachery to their class, and now in its old age is owned body and soul by the man who hates it—Mark A. Hanna.

Before describing the scenes of disorder that attended every working moment of the convention, the charges and counter charges, innuendos and insinuations of treachery that were uttered by both sets of fakirs at one another's head, let us take a glimpse at the chief moguls who stormed, were cursed, and raved at each other. First and foremost was a sleek, well-gentlemaned on whose fair-round belly, with capon lined, there lay a gold chain that would moor a tug-boat. He was the President, Hanna's protegee, James D. Ratchford, of Massillon, Ohio. He is on the Industrial Commission; salary, \$3,600 a year and expenses. He puts one portion of the miners at the others' throat by his ignorant abuse of foreigners despite the fact that 50 per cent. of the miners were born in other climes, himself an Englishman. He is Hanna's agent as will be shown later.

Let us leave him temporarily and look at the next beauty-spot—Patrick MacBryde. Pat is another be-diamonded swell; he is a wealthy saloon-keeper in Columbus, O. He is better acquainted with schooners than shovels, with pints than picks. Not having any more use for labor faking and less prestige it gives him as a politician, he did not take much part in the convention.

The next "representative" of the slaves of the pluck-me-store is another howling swell, John McBride no less, who knows more about labor faking than Gompers. He is the individual who was white-washed in 1894, when charged with selling out the strikers in that famous struggle. This gentleman has charge of the agents for a big publishing house.

Then we have Lewis, of Ohio, a lawyer practising at the Ohio bar.

Then Keenan, of Illinois, tug-boat captain.

Next Faky, of Schuylkill County, Pa., old party politician; Harrisburg lobbyist; all round fakir, and Dame Honour has it that he never entered a shaft in his life.

Dolan—all round ping ugly; would sooner fight than eat—unless he meets a stronger man; would rather drink whiskey than lie; a coarse, stupid, illiterate Scotch-Irishman with all the vices of both countries and none of their virtues.

Next, Warner, of Brothel fame. Comrade Goff gives this pen-picture of him: "He has broad cloth, and diamonds, with toothpick shoes and silk hose, and dines in the swellest restaurant in Pittsburgh, where it costs \$1.50 to smell the cook's breath, and is so economical with all that he can do it on his salary of \$75 per month."

To this collection of fakirs add the delegates of lesser light who were there paid by the operators for looking after the interests of the operators, as witness the charge of one of the "pure and simple" from Illinois who said (I quote from the "Pittsburgh Press"): "Mr. Chairman, there are three scabs on this floor, whose expenses are paid by the operators." J. L. Lewis, of Ohio, rose to a point of order. And the delegate was prevailed upon to take his seat. He was an honest "pure and simpler" probably, who, when howled at by the fakirs did not have the nerve to go on. Then add a number of men who come there honestly expecting to do "good along pure and simple lines," ignorant of the fact that wages and politics are inseparable questions. To these add a half-dozen Socialist delegates who through stress of circumstances had to take the "Volkszeitung's" advice and as a result had a sultry time "boiling from within," and our readers can have a good idea of the personnel of the 10th Annual Convention of the United Mine Workers with Mark Hanna's man Friday presiding.

This story is not written for the purpose of abusing the fakirs in a spirit of petty spite. It is written so that the miners of America, who need organization worse than any other body of workers, can see as clear as they can the God's sun when they walk from the pit's mouth, that in the United Mine Workers' Union they are organized for their own slaughter, and furthermore, that they are led by as black-hearted, corrupt and ignorant a set of crooks as ever sold out for gold since the day that Judas sold Christ for silver.

PROFESSORS? HERE:

When Ratchford called the convention to order he was in possession of the following facts:

1st. During the 10 years the United Mine Workers' was organized, the condition of the miner became steadily worse. The miners marched amidst the shadows of the willow trees of death. Every law that was passed in their interest was declared unconstitutional as witness:

The Run of Mines bill;

The Checkweighman bill;

The Portfolightly Pay bill;

The bill ordering timber to be carried to the men in the mine;

And finally, foulest and most crime-filled decision of all, the bill abolishing

the pluck-me-store where the miners are bled of their pittance as the bull is bled in the shambles, was declared unconstitutional by the courts.

Ratchford and every fakir who supported him knew that the reason why these bills were killed was because ALL LEGISLATION IS CLASS LEGISLATION; hence, with Hanna and Rand and all the other operators crouching behind the ermine of the judges on the bench, death was the watch-word for each measure passed in the miners' interest. Knowing this, when Ratchford, stands knee deep in the slime of Republican politics, the politics of the class that the miners organize to fight, he is doing the job of the immense steers in the Chicago stock yards, that dashes down the yards enticing the timid cattle after him, then when the gate opens and leaves him in safety the poor blind cattle rush on to the shambles to their death. The gate has opened for Ratchford with his \$3,600 job. His followers have run on to the shambles at Hazleton, at Pana, at Virden, etc., etc. THE PURE AND SIMPLE FA-KIRS ARE BUNCO STEERERS.

/ Fact No. 2.—Ratchford and his crew know that under the capitalist system—the continuance of which the Republican party, that he is an office-holder in, stands for—Labor is a commodity and is sold as such in the labor market, just as is the coal that the miners mine. He and his fellow fakirs know the condition of that labor market. Colonel Rand, of Illinois, says: "There are 400,000 coal miners and but 200,000 jobs."

Ratchford himself, under his own signature, says in his boycott circular: "Production, aided by mining machinery and other modern devices, is rapidly increasing, and is now far in excess of the market requirements, in fact the annual productive capacity of our mines is three times as great as our annual consumption."

Thus Ratchford, the labor leader, and Rand, the operator, both agree with the Socialists when we contend that there are far more miners than there are jobs, hence wages must go down. Absolute agreement on that fundamental point, mark you. But the remedy—ah, there is the rub.

Rand is silent.

Ratchford is silent.

The Socialist says: "This condition breeds Hazletons as dirt breeds lice. Vote the miner on the right side of the guns." This condition causes storms of opposition to arise from the miners. Under pure and simple tutorage the echoes of these storms are the dirges of defeat; the effect is an increase in the misery of our class. Whilst with our footsteps lighted by the lamps of science, the echoes of the storms of our battles would be the songs of the victories of our class; and the effects, the carrying out of our historic mission, the mission of emancipating our class. Ratchford & Co. having no remedy, or at least mentioning none, let us come to their assistance, and take up the arguments of the party to which he is such a faithful henchman. "The law of supply and demand will settle it. When there are too many coal miners they will seek other fields." The devil they will. Where? On the wind-swept farms of the West? Poppycock!

The harvester and kindred machines are displacing the farm laborers so rapidly that INSTEAD OF THE MINERS GOING TO THE FARMERS, THE FARM LABORERS ARE GOING TO THE MINERS.

Will they go to the great cities, then? Seems to me, Mr. Fakir, that the cities are as bad as the farms. It is a choice between bad eggs. Thus the miner is bound to his patch, surrounded by a wall of circumstances, more difficult to climb than the walls of ancient Troy. In closing on this point, let me recommend, Mr. Ratchford, that you get a piece of card board and on it write:

"Coal miners' jobs—200,000."

"Coal miners—400,000."

Stick this card over the bed post of yourself and the rest of the fakir family so that it will be the last thing you will read, when you retire; the first when you awake, and after thoroughly digesting it, you will know this truth, that if you don't understand it you should leave the labor movement for the labor movement's good, for you and your pure and simple tribe ARE IGNORAMUSES.

You do understand it and continue in your Republican capitalist party, YOU ARE A TRAITOR AND WILL BE TREATED AS SUCH.

Ratchford & Co., you are traitors to the miners.

Having photographed the rascals, we will proceed with a review of the convention.

From the bang of the gavel, pandemonium reigned. The forces lined up as follows: Hanna Republican, anti-Hanna Republican and Free Silverites, the latter of whom could more correctly be called, because of geographical situation, "any-old-things."

Ratchford led the Hannaites;

Lewis, also of Ohio, the anti-Hannites;

Dolan, the Silverites, who formed a coalition with the anti-Hannaites.

The fight started over the personnel of the Credential Committee. The Committee had been appointed by the President. The antis wanted one from each district. This row lasted for several days. Mitchell, a comparatively unknown man, although within the past year he had sprung suddenly forward, was to be the new

President. This was the administration slate. Lewis and Dolan were also aspirants for the office. Ratchford, although from Ohio and elected President last time by Ohio votes, marched to the assistance of Mitchell, of Illinois, and thereby hangs a black tie with a moral all wool and a yard wide. A moral that all workers should understand, viz., that you might as well seek to separate the youth from his bride on the nuptial night as politics from the union. The capitalist class needs politics in their business: the pure and simple union, unlike the Socialist union, ignores the politics of their class and as a result has the politics of their masters injected into their unions through the labor fakir whom the bosses control. Hence this United Mine Worker row for the Presidency of that organization. Requesting the reader to hold on to that point as the ship holds to the sheet anchor in a gale we will move on and see who and what capitalist injected politics into the U. M. W. U. and the reasons therefor.

Mark A. Hanna, of Cleveland, O., is the biggest thing in National Capitalist Politics to-day. As Gulliver was in Lilliput—so is Mark in Washington. As a vote-getter on a gigantic scale, Hanna chastises the orchestra.

When his beady eyes scan the political chess board he notes one spot with the red lights of danger to his class stuck all around. That spot is the coal mining towns and patches—the Panas, the Virgins and Hazletons of the nation.

Hanna in his cowardly heart fears these slaves of the mine. They have shown such a magnificent front in the face of repeated failure. Their flag of defiance has always been run up again after being trampled on in the mire of defeat. If it were indomitable spirit alone that Hanna had to deal with he would be happy, but the danger is deeper. It lies in this fact that the coal miner is an industrial proletarian in his occupation and is agrarian in his environment. Hence he is not susceptible to the influences of the old party machinery as is the city proletarian, therefore Mark sees he must control the organization of the coal miner or have the flag of capitalism torn from its door and the flag of labor hoisted in its stead.

Hanna knew this as the tiger knows its prey, and he knew that every fakir in the land would do his bidding in the twinkling of an eye.

His first move was to have the Phillips bill, that that less astute politician, Cleveland had refused to sign, brought up again immediately. Congress convened in 1898. The representatives from the cities, who depending on their political machines for keeping the workers in line for capitalism, did not bother about the Phillips bill, but, on the contrary, fought it. Then occurred that historic scene in Congress, when Senator Perkins, of California, arose and with intense dramatic earnestness read the declaration of principles of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance as follows:

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

WHEREAS, In the natural development of capitalism, the class struggle between the privileged few and the dispossessed masses, which is the inevitable and irrepressible outcome of the wage system, has reached a point where the capitalist methods and spirit of labor organization are absolutely impotent to resist the aggressions of concentrated capital, sustained by all the agencies of government, and to effect any permanent improvement in the condition of the wage earners, or even to arrest for any length of time their steady and general degradation; and

WHEREAS, The economic power of the capitalist class, used by that class for the oppression of labor, rests upon institutions essentially political, which in the nature of things cannot be radically changed, or even slightly amended for the benefit of the working people, except through the direct action of the working people themselves, economically and politically united as a class;

THEREFORE, It is as a class, conscious of its strength, aware of its rights, determined to resist wrong at every step and sword to achieve its own emancipation, that the wage workers are hereby called upon to unite in a solid body, held together by an unconquerable spirit of solidarity under the banner of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance. As members of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance of the United States and Canada, we shall constantly keep in view its great object, namely: The summary ending of that barbarous struggle at the earliest possible time by the abolition of classes, the restoration of the land and of the means of production, transportation and distribution to the people as a collective body, and the substitution of the Co-operative Commonwealth for the present state of planless production, industrial war and social disorder; a commonwealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization.

And while more pacific measures may and can be adopted in this country, in this generation, willy-nilly by one way or another the impure and simple union must go, to be supplanted by the S. T. & L. A. The miners must be rescued from the vampires who bleed them. Mark Hanna and the silver mine barons must be given notice to quit. If Hanna collects the dues for the fakirs in his Panhandle mine, it is only another proof of his connection with them. Before the spirit of the miners is broken we must organize them. They must be taught that it is better to pay 1 cent per tonnous per capita into a class-conscious Socialist organization than 18 cents to fakirs; they must be taught the power of the Socialist ballot; they must be taught that in the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance they can organize as well as in the old trades union only so much better, because they will be led by men who burn the midnight-oil in study. Instead of in the wine room of a brothel; they will be led by men to whom the workings of the capitalist system is an open book.

Agnin must the miner learn that we can boycott in the S. T. & L. A. as well as in the old trades union, only so much better because we have a powerful growing political party behind us, knit together with bonds of the purest and closest solidarity—the solidarity of an oppressed class. Similarly can we strike.

The Phillips bill passed both houses with an amendment making the majority of the members of the Industrial Commission members of Congress; then to the astonishment of the uninitiated, Michael D. Ratchford, President of the United Mine Workers' Union, was appointed member of the Commission, and Greasy Gompers ceased boycotting \$100 cash registers long enough to shed an oily tear for the job that he had hoped for. The one labor fakir who had acted wisely was Hayes, of the K. of L. He came to Pittsburgh after receiving the tip to Hanna's desire to control the coal miners; made a great splash about the number of men he would organize; but Ratchford had the inside track and got there one month after Hayes' move to the coal miners, to be exact, on August 25, 1898.

Here we now see the first steps taken in capitalist politics that led up to the disgraceful scenes last week.

Having secured his man in the right job, Hanna owned Ratchford body and soul. Every drop of blood that coursed through his black heart belonged to Hanna. It did not take him long to see danger for his master arising from two places—Ohio and Pennsylvania: Lewis in one, Dolan in the other. Lewis is Hanna's implacable foe in Ohio politics. Dolan is a free silver man, an upholder of the silver mine barons who shoot down their men. Both had to be downed.

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Lewis' fight with Hanna occurred this way. Lewis is a Republican politi-

cian in Ohio. He had the inside track for the nomination for State Senator to the House that was to elect a United States Senator. He threw in his lot with the anti-Hannaites, thinking that his influence with the coal miners, who hate Hanna, would elect him. But he reckoned without his host. Hanna's grip on the State machine was too strong, so down went Lewis without the nomination. The miners were won over by an adroit move of Ratchford, who advised the sending of an agent to secure Warner in the Pittsburg District as an ally for Hanna, as shown in Chapter 2 of the "Tragic Pages." Warner would sell his mother's heart for money, so of course he, as expected, jumped into the fight for Hanna. Dolan refusing, having other things in view. This is the secret of the split between Dolan and Warner. Dolan lining up with Lewis of Ohio, and Warner with Mitchell of Illinois.

The Pittsburg District is in a tumult; in consequence, the district convention that will be held next month will see a repetition of the scenes at the national convention. Thus does the Hanna spirit stalk through the United Mine Workers, locally as well as nationally.

So much for Lewis. Now as to Dolan,

Dolan is a "free silverite," and as such is a danger to Hanna. True it is that Dolan knows no more about bi-metalism than a pig does of calisthenics; but were he elected President of the U. M. W. U. he would be of invaluable assistance to the silver mine barons when the guns of the 1900 campaign commence to boom. Hence the forces of the United Mine Workers were thrown into Illinois, so as to elect Mitchell of the Hanna camp. Unions sprang up like mushrooms in the night, and maters were manipulated so that, although—as Lewis claimed—Ohio paid three-eighths of all the per capita tax received from the 13 States represented in the convention, Illinois had 100 more votes, dominated the convention and elected Mitchell, Gold Standard Hanna Republican; President of the United Mine Workers' Union for the ensuing year.

These are the reasons condensed in the briefest possible space for the wild, turbulent scenes that have added still further disgrace to the already disgraceful record of the British pure and simple unionism in America.

After reading this story one of the conclusions that may be drawn from it by the revolutionary proletarian of the land is this: that when the Socialist Labor party in its national convention, held in New York City in 1896, endorsed the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance it placed one of the mightiest gems in the crown of Socialist achievements: a gem that will shine with equal lustre beside the achievement of our German comrades who, realizing that the economic organizations of the working class must be controlled by the political organizations of the working class, went into the Schutze-Deltz unions with clubs under their coats and broke them up physically.

And while more pacific measures may and can be adopted in this country, in this generation, willy-nilly by one way or another the impure and simple union must go, to be supplanted by the S. T. & L. A. The miners must be rescued from the vampires who bleed them. Mark Hanna and the silver mine barons must be given notice to quit. If Hanna collects the dues for the fakirs in his Panhandle mine, it is only another proof of his connection with them.

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Again must the miner learn that we can boycott in the S. T. & L. A. as well as in the old trades union, only so much better because we have a powerful growing political party behind us, knit together with bonds of the purest and closest solidarity—the solidarity of an oppressed class. Similarly can we strike.

Then, finally, these care-worn, toil-stained slaves of the mines must learn that while organizing, striking, and boycotting for 364 days in the year we will be drilling, teaching, educating and uplifting them for another strike, a strike not for a nickel or two more in their pay, or an hour less work in the day, but a strike worthy of the great century at whose gateways we are standing. A strike for the honor of our women, a strike for the chivalry of our men, a strike at the ballot box for the land, the mines, the tools of production. Finally, they must learn that in that form of organization alone lies the hope of permanently benefiting their condition. It is only when under the beneficent influence of New Trades Unionism they march to the conquest of the public powers that the sunlight of success will shine at their banners. Then can the miners take their care-worn wives by the hand, march to the mouth of the mine, take possession of the mine and have at their back the National Guard of their State.</p

THE PEOPLE.

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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

In 1888 (Presidential).....	2,068
In 1890.....	12,281
In 1897 (Presidential).....	21,151
In 1894.....	28,188
In 1896 (Presidential).....	36,562
In 1897.....	55,673

To issue from primitive simplicity and suddenly to grow enormously rich threatens immorality and ruin. This we now witness in the United States. E. DE LAVELEYE.

TWO OF A KIND—JONES AND CHASE.

Last week, Mr. Samuel M. Jones, the Republican Mayor of Toledo, O., delivered an address in this city to a workingmen's organization. What happened there is worthy of note. Mr. Jones spoke in impassioned strains on the sufferings of the working people and the tyranny of the capitalists; he did not indulge in generalities merely, he waxed concrete; he pronounced himself a Socialist, pointed to the growth of Socialist sentiment in the land, the wisdom and justice of Socialism, and to Socialism as the solution of the human problem. Two of the workingmen present, class-conscious and experienced, hopeful to find indeed a member from the ranks of the enemy graduate into and join the revolution, yet too wise to accept words and phrases at their face-value, decided to test the Mayor with two questions: they asked:

"Why do you not join the Socialist Labor party; do you recognize the class struggle?"

A Black Crook transformation was not to be compared with the completeness and suddenness of the transformation that Mr. Jones underwent. Up to that moment, he had been bland and unctuous, gentle and suave; soon as the question was put he was an altered man. He grew livid and red with rage, and in boisterous, defiant petulance and even rough language denounced the idea of "arraying class against class," the "employé against the employer," and the political party that was guilty of such wrongfulness.

The cat was out of the bag. Mr. Jones' Socialism was clap-trap.

The game would not be worth the candle merely to hold up this Toledo Mayor as a political charlatan; it would not be worth the candle even to utilize the incident as mere evidence of the growing popularity of the word "Socialism." There is a much deeper lesson to be learned, one of weight in the understanding of the anatomy of the situation, and, consequently, of the caution that the situation demands, and the tactics that such situation renders imperative.

That there is a political break-up going on in the country is evident. The industrial or economic development, that congests capital more and more into few hands, is lashing the masses of the people into rebellion. Of these masses, one portion, the lesser, is substantially class-conscious; that portion is the middle class—the would-be plutocrats who have failed in the race; the larger portion, the working class, is still substantially class-unconscious. As a result of this, the capitalist and the middle class are organizing upon hostile political platforms into hostile political groups. Left to themselves, the middle class, being more numerous, might easily overthrow the capitalist class. But at this stage a complication steps in. There stands the working class, more numerous than both capitalist and middle class put together, and—ARMED WITH THE BALLOT. That is a quarry for votes. The class that can chip off for itself the largest portion of workingmen's votes must be the victor. Hence a scramble therefor. The tactics adopted by each is but the consequence of its special economic condition.

The capitalist class, as was seen during the McKinley campaign, need comparatively little bungling; all it has to do is quietly, but firmly, tighten the screws on its employés; threaten them with lock-outs if its middle class political adversary wins; and, it having the largest number of wage slaves, rely in that way upon victory.

The middle class, on the contrary, being, not by reason of its humanity, but by reason of its inferior capital, unable to exploit as many workingmen, has not upon the working class the economic lever of influence that is in the hands of the upper capitalists. The middle class, accordingly, must resort to other methods in order to attract to itself the Labor Vote needed to prevail. Its methods are bungling. Hence the political oratory of the middle class is the most misleading.

H. B. Keinard will lecture next Friday, February 3, at 8 p. m., on "Socialist Agitation" at 209 East Broadway, this city.

the most insincere, the most fraudulent—it partakes of the nature of birdlime to attract and trepan the workingman.

Watched by the light shed by these facts, much that is otherwise obscure in the political apparitions of the day will become luminous; and the two Mayors of Toledo and Haverhill—Samuel M. Jones and John C. Chase—will not only be understood but will shed light on each other.

Both declaim against "capitalism"; but what both mean by that is, not the SYSTEM OR EXPLOITATION, but the exploitation of the middle class by the upper capitalists,—as exemplified by the Toledo gentleman, when he grows irate at the idea of a war upon the EMPLOYER CLASS; and as likewise exemplified by the Haverhill gentleman, when he takes his stand upon a platform that expressly pledges itself to protect the small farmers in their exploitation of labor, and when his party men spend their time in the Common Council voting for a reduction of the rate of interest from 7 to 5 percent, a wholly middle class affair. Consequently both rear at the Class Struggle,—a principle that heads straight against the class they represent, by aiming at the abolition of all classes.

Again, both—their tanks and rear covered by the middle class—turn their main attention to the workingman as A VOTER, and, consequently, as indispensable food for their cannon,—as exemplified by the conduct of the Haverhill gentleman and his Haverhill companions in arms, when they are seen pushing themselves forward at labor meetings, as at Rockland, Marlboro, etc., and there, instead of, even at the risk of temporarily displeasing the workingmen, educating them out of their economic errors, talking to them approvingly of all the economic will-o'-the-wisps that these have been following to their sorrow, and thus seeking to insinuate themselves into the worker's good graces by flattering his superstitions; and as likewise exemplified by the Toledo gentleman when he is seen straining to rope in Socialist Labor party men of his own town, and here in New York pulls the strings for an opportunity to address labor organizations; and both wrap themselves in the cloak of Socialism—a term that, thanks to the conduct of the Socialist Labor party, is earning wide esteem for its soundness and character.

Toledo and Haverhill, the Joneses and the Chases are well worth close study: they are identical apparitions, peculiar to our political soil and atmosphere. Understood, they are valuable; misunderstood, no siren-capped rock is more fraught with danger for the welfare of the proletariat or the solution of the Social Question.

TRULY DISGRACEFUL.

Richard Croker, the ex-plug-ugly, now capitalist and recognized leader of Tammany Hall, has inflicted upon the good name of America many a stain; the dirtiest though he inflicted last week. Said he:

From the South and West there always comes the hue and cry against New York, because it is the money-centre of the United States. But whenever there is any great public improvement to be made in any section of this country, the first look for help is toward New York. They run to our city to run the money. They come here for the means to build their railroads, to construct their water works, to erect the plants for gas service, and bond their cities for any kind of improvement. Then, no matter how much benefit is derived from this section of the country, there is always the hue and cry against the great city, because it is the money-centre—that very centre without which public improvement would be an impossibility.

The stain upon the fair name of America consists, paradoxically enough, in the truth of Croker's words.

Here we have a large population, powerful in brain and brawn, inventive, industrious, actively inclined, and yet impotent to do the things they need unless given permission to do so; nay, worse yet, unless they consent to be led.

Money builds nothing. It is labor of mind and hands—that builds all. All the money in the world could not build a mole-hill; labor alone can and does produce mountainous wealth. What is it binds this giant, laying it helpless at the feet of the Money Bags?—The capitalist system of production.

Capitalism implies individual production in so much as the tools of production are private property. The unavoidable result of this starting point is the need and the power of money. Organized co-operatively, society is emancipated from the Money Power; left to individual production, society is the slave of the Money Power. Society organized co-operatively, Labor is the starting point; society left to capitalism Money is the starter.

The Tammany ex-plug-ugly is right. Those who uphold tyranny should be the last to howl at its workings; those who uphold capitalism certainly can not with good grace howl at its effects. That this truth should be told, and insultingly at that, to the American people by a Croker Money Bag should be enough to cause the scales to drop from the eyes of the genuine patriot, etc., being asked for from the union offices in behalf of these victims of the machine.

Here we have a Union, that, owing to special conditions of its trade, has long escaped the ravages of the machine; the storm finally strikes it, but in "striking it" actually strikes individual members, does not strike it as a

POLITICAL and ECONOMIC.

Advertisers study to catch the public eye; they must please; they eschew everything that repels, they are adepts in the art of attracting. Not a little insight can be got into men and things by a study of advertisements. In view of this what an insight into the moral that capitalism breeds, and its Christianity fosters, does not the below advertisement of a certain firm in the Haverhill, Mass., "Republican" afford to those who have the eyes to see:

PEACE AND WAR.

Life and death, success or failure, defeat or victory, humanity against humanity. Misery of one is peace for another. Terms of peace, conquer or die. Kill or to be killed in time of peace is the destruction of another. He who preserves is greater than he who kills. We make greater than their art, destroy to preserve. We build prisons, erect scaffolds, inflict punishment, go to war, take others' possessions and proclaim peace. "Business is war. One continuous fight. We lead or we must be led. We fight to lead. Our neighbor's business brings us success. This is human progress."

PEACE AND WAR.

The San Francisco, Cal., "Class Struggle" quotes a Japanese student, who, after extensive studies of European and American books on political economy, put the case tersely thus:

These books deal with buying and selling, banking, money, and methods of taxation. TEACHING MAINLY THE ART OF EXTRACTING THE HONEY WITHOUT ALARMING THE HIVE.

In biology we see off and on an old, old type recurring, a specimen that is out of keeping with its surroundings and is a freakish repetition of olden days. The phenomenon is known as "atavism." As in biology, so also, it would seem, in capitalist jargonology. How else is the following passage to be explained from the Newburgh, N. Y., "Daily Press":

The propaganda of the Socialists in Newburgh is the most active of any political organization. Every Sunday afternoon they have a meeting, to which they invite cordially. The wonder of this is where the funds come from. Experience tells us that if anyone wants political work performed he must pay for it, the motto of the age being "no money, no work." We might indulge in speculation as to where the "lubricant" comes from to pay expenses, but in the absence of specific information we may be compelled to state that the Socialists have more than once maintained an annex designed to draw votes from the Democracy. Of course we do not mean to be understood as making the assertion that the Socialists are so sustained, because we cannot do so, having absolutely no proof that such is the case.

Years ago, the suspicion was common that the S. L. P. was in the pay of one of the old parties to pull away voters from the other, and the poverty only "labor" is to skin the workers, is not a parasite. At this rate, we may soon expect to see the Vanderbilts and Goulds, the Sagans and Morgans, the Rothschilds and Drexels canonized and pictorially reproduced with halos around their heads.

If this means anything, it means that the man, who holds capital and whose only "labor" is to skin the workers, is not a parasite. At this rate, we may soon expect to see the Vanderbilts and Goulds canonized and pictorially reproduced with halos around their heads.

We will give our Government as many soldiers as it needs to execute the law, and if stoutons, strikers and other outlaws do not like it, let them go to the polls and change the law by ousting the friends of law and order. But until they do this, they may be sure that every Chicago riot will be collied and choked to death by the Federal arm. As many soldiers as we need against foreign war or domestic insurrection, not a soldier more, not a man less. No rank and cast about a standing army will ever again make us defenseless.

We won't find any fault with the above from the Portland, Ore., "Oregonian." When it refers to the working class demanding its right as "riotous strikers and other outlaws," it and we stand respectively in pretty good historic company: It is not many hundred years ago when one Col. Pitcairn approached the Minute-men in arms at Lexington with the peremptory command: "Lay down your arms, ye rebels!" We may indulge the "Oregonian" in its pleasure of ranking itself with the Col. Pitcairns of history; no doubt the working class has no objection to take its corresponding place along the Lexington Minute-men.

The reason of this extraordinary and exceptional display of kindness on our part towards the class of the modern Col. Pitcairns is the good advice the "Oregonian" gives: "Go to the polls and change the law!"—Correct.

The vote of Texas, as officially announced, is larger than expected.

G. H. Royal, for Governor, polls 562 votes; E. Bellinger, for Lieutenant-Governor, 502.

The Canadian S. L. P. has done well during the recent municipal contests. It placed candidates in the field in four cities in Ontario and polled an aggregate of nearly 2,000 votes, as follows: London, 700; Hamilton, 288; Brantford, 250; Toronto, 706. Total, 1,048.

Likewise, in Boston, did the vote rise considerably at the municipal election of last December. The officials took their time to announce the S. L. P., it is only now known and is encouraging indeed: Martha Moore Avery, School Committee, 8,836; an increase of 2,136 over 1897. Stephen O'Shaughnessy, Street Commissioner, 2,778; increase of 1,215 over 1897. Aldermen: William R. Dyer, 1,886; Godfred Beck, 1,884; Joseph Ballam, 1,734; Samuel Freedman, 1,525; Joseph Murphy, 1,288; Henry C. Hess, 1,208; George Goguire, 1,140; Leon Greenman, 1,127; Florentine Theobault, 700; Jay Robert Simonds, 601; Charles M. Langen, 645; Herman W. A. Raasch, 615. The Aldermen are elected at large, each party being required to nominate 12 candidates; citizens only voting for 7, thus requiring the party that is victorious to defeat 5 of their candidates. Counting every seven ballots cast for Aldermen as one voter, 2,065 citizens have voted our Almoeican ticket; an average increase of 500 over 1897.

"To their members?"—The sentence should rather read: "To those of their members who have been lucky enough to keep their jobs." So worded, the sentence would have covered the case, and been suggestively true.

A report of ex-President Prescott himself recently admitted that about 10,000 members of the Typographical Union were out of work; and other reports from large number of towns corroborate the statement, adding the confirmatory evidence of "old clothes," etc., being asked for from the union offices in behalf of these victims of the machine.

Here we have a Union, that, owing to special conditions of its trade, has long escaped the ravages of the machine; the storm finally strikes it, but in "striking it" actually strikes individual members, does not strike it as a

body: ALL the members gave the Union the prestige it enjoyed and thanks to which SOME manage to keep good jobs, but, despite the fact that the good luck of THESE is the result of the combined efforts of ALL, the good luck is enjoyed by the lucky individuals only, leaving the others in the cold.

An Indian and a Yankee, so runs the story, went into partnership for a hunting expedition. The net result of their joint efforts was a turkey and an owl. It came to dividing the spoils. Said the Yankee to the Indian: "You take the owl and I take the turkey; or, I take the turkey and you the owl." The story closes with the Indian muttering: "But he don't say turkey once to me."

This Indian at least muttered; do those members of the International Typographical Union, whose share in the spoils is the owl of "out-of-work," even mutter?

The suggestiveness of the sentence, as amended, lies in that it calls attention to the attitude of the unlucky members of the Union: they are loyal to it, despite the treatment it affords to them. And the further suggestiveness of the amended sentence lies in that it points to the question, How long will this blind loyalty last?

The posture of these disinherited members towards their Union is very much like that of the Proletariat at large towards the Nation, or rather, its form and system of Government. Protected of old by the Nation under its capitalist system, the Proletariat still cling to it despite the treatment it now bestows upon them; they cling to it blindly; but one day, and that day is at hand, the scales will fall from their eyes; and discovering that the idol they had worshiped is, or has developed into, a monster, they will turn upon and smash it. So with the unlucky members of the Typographical Union; and hence it is that the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance is perfectly justified in denouncing as "union wreckers" the pack of misleaders that to-day are "union leaders."

If the Spokane, Wash., "Freeman's Journal" does not look out it will become an idealizer of the capitalist class. This is what is says:

Now it must be remembered that the land monopolist who holds this land performs no service to the nation; he is a parasite.

He, as such, employs no labor and creates no wealth and is a parasite living off the industry of his more thrifty neighbors.

If this means anything, it means that the man, who holds capital and whose only "labor" is to skin the workers, is not a parasite. At this rate, we may soon expect to see the Vanderbilts and Goulds canonized and pictorially reproduced with halos around their heads.

Miles is an individual who has in some obscure paper at some time been mentioned as a "good man for President." Since then he has constantly employed an advertising agent and has made himself as prominent and notorious as he could; and when for his dirty work at Chicago he was promoted over others and made Commanding General he went altogether daffy, there has been no holding him.

He, and his advertising agent, saw in the war a chance for Miles to attain notoriety. So, shortly after the declaration of war, the papers of Washington began to teem with accounts of how General Miles was to "start for the front to-morrow"; then in the next issue would deny the report and say he would leave "to-morrow," incidentally puffing Miles.

Miles had made himself a nuisance to the powers that be by eternally making an ass of himself. They decided to cook his goose altogether by shelving him—not that they feared him so very much, but he really had become ridiculous, and pushing some other General around the front.

They found it expedient to get Miles out of Washington, so one night he started for the front in a special car with a special porcelain-lined bathtub, a special stenographer, kindly loaned by Sammy Gompers, and a bevy of servants. Three days after he was back. Then he was sent off again, and to crown his troubles, he was sent on that "Opera bouffe" expedition to Porto Rico.

Realizing how he had been made a monkey of, and how contemptuously deserved so—he had been treated, he grew reckless and commenced to talk out of school, for the purpose of "getting even" with Alger, McKinley, et al.

Miles is a disappointed and disillusioned tool of the capitalist class, willing in the past, and even now, to commit murder in their interest, yet posing as the friend of the common man to get the common man to wreak vengeance on those who have made a monkey of him.

Go to Nelson, you will get soundly thrashed, and those trumpet papers who claim to represent the common people and who now so conveniently forget how in the past you were so ready and apt at devising schemes whereby this same common people could be easily murdered "en masse," won't save you, you have become a nuisance,

together with other deposits it runs up to the goodly sum, that capitalists frequently do, and where they can get at it conveniently; if he so deposits all savings he simply helps the big capitalist along, and thus undermines the source of his surplus.

If, on the other hand, he does not earn enough to feed his body and mind properly, then it is folly to pinch himself, and it is the capping of folly to place his pinched up savings where the capitalist can't improve him, and thereby reduce his wages still more. What sense is there in saving if one thereby undermines his health, reduces his life-time, and, for every penny saved, must spend two in doctors and medicine? You will notice savings banks always cropping up right alongside of factories in factious towns, and the directors of the one are the directors of the other.

Put it into your marrow and your brain, and your family's marrow and brain: you will all need both.

G. W. ALTON, ILL.—"Is Mr. Chase, newly elected Mayor of Haverhill, Mass., a Socialist?"—No. See the above answer to Jim J. Chicago, and the editorial in this issue "Two of a Kind." Moreover, numerous other facts, previously made public in these columns, sufficiently dispose of the matter.

S. K. G. SAGINAW, MICH.—His place of birth is Curacao, an island off the north coast of Venezuela; date, Dec. 14, 1822; size, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 140 lbs.; married; children, 2 boys and 2 girls; eldest 15 years, youngest 6 months. Anything else you would like to know?

L. LOUISVILLE, KY.—You will notice in the clipping you sent me that Mr. H. N. Casson, editor, abstains from naming "the S. L. P." whom he heard say that "if strike is on he would take the place of the strikers and break the Union." His refraining from naming him reveals a good side in human nature, to wit, that the most confirmed liar will recoil from uttering so many lies. Had he been sincere he would have been guilty of a lie within a trice; he could have had either to invent a name, or slander a good name, or, which would have been virtually the same thing, mention, as a responsible party member, someone who is not. But why do you bother about what this Casson says? Physically and intellectually a very weak man, his weapons are the weapons of such-skunkish.

C. E. W. WORCESTER, MASS.—1st. Let us have the passages (page numbers) where the expression "strike is risky to cover them out of their context.

2d. It might be well to furnish the men in the Washburn & Inven Wire Works with the pamphlet "What Means this Strike?" also.

G. W. S. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—You must be a very recent subscriber. The statement that the workingman gets only one-fourth of his product has been repeatedly explained. From the statistical reports it appears that the wages of the workingman are one-half of his product. But this half is the half of the wholesale value of the products themselves. When he turns around to buy back any part of that wealth, he has to go to the retailer and there pay at retail rates. Thus he has to pay higher than the share he gets; thus even his half shrinks in purchasing capacity. The shrinkage is another half. For every 4 loads that the working class produces, it gets only 1; the rest goes to the capitalist's class.

J. A. D. PITTSBURGH, PA.—There are all sorts of "Christian Socialists." Taking under the microscope the most honest specimens of these, you will find the "Christian Socialists" to be men who are charmed with the beauties of the Co-operative Commonwealth; and, not understanding social evolution, imagines that all that is needed to convert the capitalist class is to preach religion to them. There are many other things these "Christian Socialists" don't know. One of them is that there is not a capitalist in existence who allows religion to stand in the way of his class interests; witness Russel Sage making presents of Bibles as wedding gifts to the daughters and sons of his fellow capitalists, and these receiving such gifts as they would a horse.

A. S. VANCOUVER, B. C.—The explanation of the Social Reformer, "rushing in, and, without considering natural law, attempting to reform the community" is: Either he is a conceited fellow, imagining that all he needs is gab and rhetoric to talk and act on behalf of the working-class. Or he proceeds on the principle of the late lamented P. T. Barnum, who said there was a sucker born every minute. These latter-class of Reformers are on the make, they calculate that the fools are numerous, and they expect to take them in.

Of course, there are some who partake of both features.

G. K. JOHNSTOWN, PA.—You and such as you only contribute to make the Social Question ridiculous. Think of such children as you, and worse yet, to say that the "masses everywhere are deeply interested in the movement against trading". It is people, going about with such silly notions, that the cycle has in mind when he refers to those engaged in the Social Question as wild-eyed impracticals.

L. E. B. BERTRAND, NEB.—Put down the man who says he has read 300 books on modern Socialism as a fraud.

A. COMRADE, N. Y.—Bound copies of THE PEOPLE are kept in this office, and are placed in libraries.

A. S. Brown, will lecture next Tuesday, the 31st instant, at 8 p. m., on "Topics of the Day" at 65 Columbia street, this city.

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184 William street, New York.

The numerous calls that have come in for the New Bedford speech "What Means This Strike?" published in these columns some time ago, has determined the National Executive Committee to reprint it in pamphlet form. It can be had at the Labor News Company, 64 East 4th street, this city. Single copies, 5 cents; 10 copies, 30 cents; 100 copies, \$2.50.

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